THE PROSE POEM:
AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 6 | 1997

Connemara

M.L. Williams

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CONNEMARA

The moment is singular. The bus falls through the landscape in the distance and nothing closes in. That is, it is a happy moment I share with a lover, but the lover doesn't enter against the light shattering over the green and silver land like fire. Everywhere is green and the ruins of an old cottage in the middle of it. There should be leprechauns lined against the black stone, but they have given up their stations long ago to become the bearded nuns of Limerick, whom I love absolutely. The bog gives a little under our feet; we walk on water. In this happiness resides what renders us completely alone. You turn, and I look back at the cold steel spine of the bus that refuses to dissolve even against desire, even against the prayer I say to keep it all inside me like the myth of anything's creation. The lyre in my hand means I never looked for you, Eurydice, I never looked back. When you check later, the ticket stub tells you everything your thumb has rubbed off, including the price of the journey.